Off the rails

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Off the rails

by Mhe

Summary

An AU set in the 1960s
Will is sent out to another country help put together a profile for a relentless killer. When he enters his coupe he finds an interesting older gentleman already sitting there and reading a book.

Notes

Big thank you to Packetofredapple for being my beta and dealing with my stupidity.
Also few things to note:
I'm Lithuanian and I never been to Canada nor America so sorry for any inaccuracies,
This also means that Hannibal will speak Lithuanian in later chapters and there will be some Lithuanian holidays undertones.

Chapter 1

6:15 am Canada train station.

Will Graham checked his ticket again

'Toronto to Vancouver

Train departure time 6:23,

2nd wagon 9th coupé'

The train was starting to let people in, he hoped he won't have to spend his 3.5-day journey in a sleeping car cramped with 4 extremely loud and obnoxious people but beggars can't be choosers he was happy enough to get a spot next to a window.

Now not to get lost between the wagons and his life would be okay.

The short journey to the sleeping cabin was uneventful and pretty nice, people rushing by trying to find their spots, and put the luggage away for safe keeping, he was blending in becoming just another person in a sea of faces. Will packed light this time, just a few changes of clothes, his toiletries, wallet and a small bottle of whiskey just in case, so he had only one moderate-sized sports bag and he was pretty sure there will be a spot for it in the coupé.

To the young's man surprise, the coupé had only one older gentleman sitting calmly and reading a book.

The older male acknowledged Wills presences by lifting his eyes from the book and looking his direction with a simple nod.

'Not a talkative type, suits me just fine' Will thought.

Sure enough, Will found a spot for his sports bag under the chairs and after sliding the baggage under there got comfortable in his seat, his mind started to wander to how he ended up on an early morning train, in and Canada, in the first place.

Will was just finishing teaching his classes, but before he can escape home a familiar voice made him freeze in place and turn around "Hello Will if you're finished with your work come to my office for a bit" said Jack with his usual tone. Instantly the younger man knew that the 'just a bit' will turn into another long investigation of a gruesome case, but followed anyway.

"Yes, I know, I promised you that you wouldn't have to travel to any other country or far away from your home, but this is urgent, Canadian police still doesn't have any leads and it's

already the 8th body they found with various organs missing. They are asking for my best man and you're the best I got." Insisted Jack.

Will let out a long sigh and a sad laugh " Your 'best man' is an unstable profiler with an unhealthy amount of dog hair on him and a tired mug on his face, nice choice Jack" he sarcastically barked out.

"Graham you understand that I wouldn't be doing this if it wasn't an absolute emergency, the people for the top keep getting on my ass and now we have the Canadian folk as well and they are not as nice as you think. Just go see what they want to put the profile together for them and you're free." Angrily gritted Jack.

"Okay give me the photos and the documents I'll look them over on the plane or train, uh... When do I leave?" Sighed Will.

"Today at 9 pm here is your plane and train tickets, the latter leaves at 6:23 am so you'll have to be up early" Jack gave him the documents and other papers while saying that. "Oh boy ain't I lucky, going to be one early bird" the younger man mutters while accepting the papers.

Will talked with Alana to take care of his dogs when he will be in Canada, though it pained him to leave his beloved pets and house behind, but the profiler knew the sooner he gets it over with the faster he will be back to his house in the middle of nowhere.

At times like this, he wondered if Jack just wanted him out of his hair or something. Why did he go as far as getting a taxi to pick Will up at his house and take him to the airport, did he really thought Will would miss his fight on purpose? He was an ass but not that big of an ass.

"S... Si... Sir!"

Will snapped out of his thoughts immediately and looked up.

"Do you have a ticket, sir?" Conductor repeated the question that Will seemingly missed.

"Yes... Sorry… Here it is." Will handed the paper while mumbling an apology.

After the papers have been given back Will decided that if he will spend 3.5 days on a train he better start writing down the basics of the profile so he wouldn't have to spend less time with the people from Canadian police.

He looked up and noticed that the elegant older man had his long legs crossed one over the other and was still reading the same book just now it looked half way finished.

'How much time did I lose?' He asked himself.

Will looked all around the coupé trying to locate any source that could tell him the time, but there were no clocks, nothing and of course he had to leave his at home.

"Um… Excuse me what's the time?" He said quietly hoping to get an answer but no conversation going.

The gentleman lifted his head from the book and looked at his wrist watch who was golden brown just like the rest of his perfectly put together outfit everything about the man screamed power and control. Will instantly knew to try and avoid the strange man as much as possible he doesn't need another person to try to dig into his brain.

"... O'clock"

Will turned to face the man again staring at his tie "...I'm sorry would you please repeat that? I didn't really catch it..." Will wanted to punch himself in the face for spacing out.

"You seem to be zoning out a lot. First time on a morning train?" The man asked lifting one perfectly groomed eyebrow.

"First time on a long journey train..." Mumbled Will.

"Ah, that happens oftentimes for newcomers. It's precisely nine in the morning, please if you feel like sleeping, do it, I will wake you up when we'll have our first 15 minute stop."

The older man charmingly spoke.

"My name is Dr. Hannibal Lector, pleasure to meet you William" He added.

"How do you know my name?!" Will quacked worriedly.

"Your passport is open on the table, I'm sorry I didn't mean to scare you." Answered Hannibal.

"Oh..oh... Sorry... Just call me Will I don't like William" He muttered.

"Sure"

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Big thank you to Packetofredapple for being an amazing friend and beta
> Stuff about the fic in general:
> It says that the train is in Canada and the inside is based on that but the stops actually are just stuff that would happen in SSRS because I suck and that's the best and the most relatable information I have so sorry"

Will have been trying to fall asleep for what felt like ages, but all the train noises and people taking kept him far away from his normally pretty horrible sleep.Maybe it was for the better he wouldn't want to make Hannibal worried or even worse interested in him just because he sleepwalks.

The young man sat up and looked at his coupé roommates hands. The book that was in occupying them before is now replaced by an extremely sharp pencil and drawing paper. Will was interested to see what the older man was drawing but to hell with that he is not starting a conversation when they were surrounded by relative quietness.

The pencil in Hannibal's hands stopped moving and so did the train.
"It’s our first 15min stop; let's go for a walk Will?" Said, Hannibal.

The profile nodded. Even though the question more sounded like a statement or a low key command, Will still felt a need to respond if not verbally then at least physically.

Will putted on a warmer jacket because, at least through the window, the world outside looked cold, gloomy and uninviting. But if he didn't go for a walk now his legs are going to kill him.
The young man’s companion wore a brown red suit that was paired with a burgundy red pocket square and on top a dark gray coat with a collar that had a black end.
Will couldn't comprehend why an eccentric man like Hannibal wasn't flying on a plane to Vancouver why to waste 3.5 days in a train why not just en-

"Will have you ever been to Canada?" His thought process was interrupted by the man himself.
"No… I have never been anywhere besides America." Will answered while waiting for other people to get off the train so he could exit as well.
He had guessed it right the weather wasn't inviting in the slightest the post-rain smell was everywhere, people, kids running around, buying food and other supplies from the noisy merchants. You could find anything in and around big train stations, starting flowers and ending on toothpaste.

"Your accent doesn't sound American or Canadian, you're from Europe?" Will said while looking around for a more quiet spot.

"Yes, Will I'm from Europe, want to guess the country?" Hannibal asked with a tiny smile playing on his face.

"Ummm... France? Maybe Italy? Or... Denmark?" The younger man tried guessing.

"Close but no cigar. I have been to those places numerous times and I moved to here from Florence, but originally I'm from Lithuania." He answered
"If you came here from Florence why not just take a plane to Vancouver? It doesn't take forever like a train and there are fewer people." Inquired the profiler.

"Because if I was on a plane I wouldn't meet people as interesting as you dear William" He explained.

"Don't call me William my dad does that when he is angry and that's the only association I have with my full name" the younger man gritted.

"I'm sorry Will, how about we go take a short walk outside the station and then return to our coupé?"

Will can see Hannibal was trying to change the subject and he was glad for it. So without any answer, he started to walk to the main train station exit. Hannibal joined him quickly after. Rain started to fall from the sky making people abandon the outsides of the station and go inside or back to the train. Will and Hannibal decided it is time to come back to their tiny sanctuary.

It was only 9:25 when the train started to move again and will have already felt the regret for not buying any fast food or whatever.
The profiler decided to ignore his empty stomach and focus on the killer case in front of him. Hannibal was back to his book finishing last few chapters or so it seemed.
The killer had an interesting pattern that was hard to decode from the victim's photos all there is to it is the missing organs and mutilated bodies being placed in a meaningful way, may it be a reference to a painting or a legend from the old mythology.
Will tried to scribble tiny notes and insights on every victim but he would always get back to the newest case, look at it more if he wouldn't know better he would even say he adored it.

The painting that the gruesome murder scene was imitating was 'The genius of victory' by Michelangelo, just like the piece itself the scene looks rough on the edges, even though in the documents it's stated that there were no traces found, Will knew that if they are to find any hints they need to look to this particular case.
The more profile looked at the photos the more he thought that the killer might have chosen this particular statue because of its hectic past, maybe linking to its own.
Will was so deep in the case trying to chase the killer's mind, motivation. That he didn't notice Hannibal fondly looking at him, his elegant fingers picking up a pencil and a brand new sheet of paper starting his sketching process all over again taking in a different angle and the shifting light that is falling from the gloomy sky.

"Will... Will…"

The younger man peeled off his eyes from the stacks of papers that he been working on and looked up briefly into Hannibal's eyes and instantly down.
"I don't mean to distract you, but it’s almost lunch time, would you like to accommodate me to the restaurant?" The elegant man asked.
"... There is a restaurant in this train?" Profiler inquired.

"Yes, there is one, my dear William, it's for people who are on journeys longer than one day, the food is accounted for in your ticket, so don't worry about taking a wallet." Stated Hannibal.

"Do you have any dietary preferences?" He added.

"No I'll eat almost anything and I don't have any allergies…" Will mutter while looking where to place all the documents so he doesn't get mixed up which ones he had already looked through. After that was sorted Will looked up to Hannibal.

"So, I guess let's go?"

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> Like always, big thank you to Packetofredapple for being my lovely beta.
> Next chapter there will be at least some fluff, I promise.

Hannibal grabbed his own bag and headed out, holding the door for Will he urged to not be worried about anything left in the sleeping cabin because the doors are lockable.

There still weren't a lot of people in the tiny restaurant so they found their table labeled 'NR 9' without a lot of fuss.

Will was looking at the menus, French named dishes when he noticed that Hannibal was unpacking lunch that he made himself, or bought? Either way, he was not picking from the menu.

"Do you have allergies?" Intrigued Will.
"You asked about mine, but you didn't mention any of your own..."

"No, Will I don't have them, but I'm very particular what I put in my body. The only thing that makes my cut here is maybe the hot drinks and then only barely" Answered the older gentleman.

"If you want I can share my food with you, there is plenty here for two people"

"No, I better don't rob you of your lunch, as I mentioned I'm not picky so the food here will be good for me I guess..."

"I insist on at least trying one bite of my steak au poivre"

"What's in it?" Will quirked his head to the side like a small puppy.

"Steak au poivre or pepper steak is a French dish that consists of a steak, traditionally a filet mignon, coated with loosely cracked peppercorns. According to Francis Marie, steak au poivre originated in the 19th century in the bistros of Normandy, where noted figures took their female companions for late suppers, and where peppers were supposed to work as an aphrodisiac." Explained Hannibal.

"Oh, should I be worried that you're trying to feed me aphrodisiac? We're staying in the same cabin." Teased Will.

"Don't be afraid, I will keep my hands to myself, I don't bite a lot." As Hannibal was finishing the sentence a waitress walked in and he started talking to her and ordering

something in French. Will was lost not knowing what to take but he was even more confused when the waitress picked up his menu and left without a word. The only thing that was left on the table where drinks/sweets menu and a pair of candles that Hannibal was lighting up.

"Did you just order for me?" Will asked in slightly irritated tone.

"Well you seemed positively lost, so I decided to step in and order a simple steak for you, I hope I didn't make you too angry," said Hannibal with zero apologies in his voice.

"Do you normally order food for people you share a sleeping cabin with?"

"Only if they are adorable as you, Will."

By now the profile was pouting like a child. So he picked up the drink/dessert menu and pretended to really study it missing the smirk that flashed for a second on Hannibal's lips.

It didn't take long for the food to get delivered to them accompanied by wine. What the older man has described as a simple steak looked like a fine high-class dinner also Will couldn't stop smirking at the asparagus and pomegranate with honey dripped on top of it chilling at the side of the dish. The so far continuing silence was interrupted by Will starting to snicker.

"You're really trying to drug me aren't you?"

Hannibal swallowed a bite of food and looked at the young man.

"What do you mean? I just asked for a medium rare steak for you."

"Looks like a full blown dinner for me."

"Well this isn't a cafeteria they won't ask for every ingredient separately. Now say ah and try this" when did Hannibal was able to take his fork and knife, cut a slice of his own stake for Will to try was beyond him, but it's not like he can refuse now. So he picked up the offered fork with a piece of stake impaled on it and took a bite.
Will was probably making a weird face because the predatory smirk on the older man's face was hard to miss.

"Do you like it?" Hannibal was looking at Will with a spark in his eyes.
"It's simply amazing, do you work as a gourmet chef? Now I don't even want to try mine because it probably won't compare to yours"

"Just eat your pomegranate with honey then I'll share my stake with you if you're not in the mood to try yours"
"Will I also be stuck in the underworld with you forever?" Teasingly said Will while picking at his steak finally deciding to try it.

"Being the queen of the dead is not that bad Persephone I will always be there to grant your every wish"
"Well, I don't know Hades I need time to think" the profile chimed while stealing another piece of meat from Hannibal's plate.

The dinner had gone smoothly with tiny chitchat from both of them, then it was back to the sleeping cabin.

"Who is sleeping on top?" Will mumbled while looking over his barely started work.

"Do you have any preferences Will? We still have few hours till we need to make our seats into a bed."

"I don't really, though tend to have restless sleep, so maybe I could be at the bottom? Then at least I wouldn't bother anyone that way if I woke up in the middle of the night"

"Also it would be safer for you, so I think it's settled then." Hannibal gave one of his tiny smiles and opened a new book to read.

Will was drinking watered down tea that he took from a lady that was offering refreshments on his way back to coupé. 'This journey is really not that bad' he thought while looking over his previous notes and observations of the victims.

The few hours went past in a matter of seconds when Will was finishing the 3rd page. Hannibal urged him to stop for the night and get ready for bed.

The folding out beds weren't too bad and even the provided pillows were decent though the younger man had a feeling they will have to be changed in the morning because of the sweat. They bid each other goodnight and the lights were turned off the world went into an eerie silence the only thing still shining was the moon.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Big thank you to Packetofredapple for being my beta ❤❤❤

"Viliamai pabusk!"
"William, wake up!"
That was the first thing he heard when the roaring beast tearing out his stomach intestates finally stopped.
He started to gasp looking frantically around the dark woods that surrounded him and the monster started to get smaller transforming into walls and a window. The red blazing with anger and power eyes of the monster were shifted into a pair of concerned ruby human eyes. Finally, Will understood that the voice calling him was of Hannibal. He seemed to be checking his vitals.

"Did I scream?" The young man hoped to death he did not, he didn't want the whole train thinking that he is insane.

"No, but the moment I got down to get a glass of water you looked on the verge of screaming. So I tried waking you up, would you like some water?" Hannibal answered calmly like he didn't just deal with a man who was drenched in sweat and couldn't seem to figure out if he is fully awake.

"Yes, please" a small voice came out of the profiler as he got close to the end of the makeshift bed and was trying to get his back from under it.

When Hannibal returned with two glasses of water, Will was already dressed and looking out the window.

"Here you go, William"

"Thanks, what's the time? It's still so dark outside"

"It's 1:23 am, so it's going to be dark, you should try to sleep more."

"Tough luck Mister, I don't sleep that much any way I have papers to work on so it will be a good use of my time."

"Nonsense, Will, you need to try to sleep more, how about I read to you?"

"Thanks, dad, but that won't help" Will answered bitterly as he tried to sit up in bed,

Hannibal's hand came down and forced him to lay down.

"Jesus, okay, okay, I'll lay down... You said you're from Lithuania so are you going to tell me a Lithuanian fairy tale? Or some folklore? Myths?"

"How about a fairytale that is also a myth about how some of the trees got their names?"

"Oh boi, I can't keep my excitement" Will said sarcastically hoping it will make Hannibal back away.

"Then sit down close your eyes and listen you'll fall asleep quickly," Hannibal ordered and even though he was pouting profiler complied and did as told.

The older man started to retell the story of Eglė žalčių karalienė in Lithuanian. Even though he didn't understand a word the soothing voice of the man-made Will relax and start to drift again.
the younger man was lightly sleeping when Hannibal decided to run a hand through Will's hair just as expected the locks were tangled and messy

'he would look good with his hair brushed out completely, allowing me to wash it, run my hands through it whenever I please. Tug at them when Will is under him hot red and moaning.
Will would look good when he is completely his'
Hannibal heard a light snore and looked down to the resting angels face. The Lithuanian story long gone from his lips. He won't be as nice as Žilvinas he won't let go of his Jūrate ~~*Will*~~ he will stay at Hannibal's side. But not now, now he needs to seduce Will, pretend to be a friendly face that he can trust and agree to visit.
Hannibal kept running his hand through the sleeping man's hair and closed his eyes dozing off for a bit.
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The clock on his wrist is showing that is five o'clock in the morning. Will is still next to Hannibal snuggling closer to the warm body to scare off the approaching dawn.
The older man picked up his sketchbook and turned on the overhead lamp deciding to draw the fallen angel sleeping next to him. Half way in into the drawing Will started to stir and push his blanket away showing off his pale neck and a bit of the chest. At times like this, he was thankful for his ability to control himself, deep down all that he wanted to do is to pin Will down and leave red angry hickeys on his neck, arms and legs so everyone would know who he belonged too. But everything will have to come with time or else his precious mongoose will run and hide away. So now all he could do is to draw Will and flesh out his plan.

Will woke up to the sound of people talking outside and other fuss. Blinking the profiler looked up to Hannibal who smiled at him and said good morning. Then got back to the book he has been reading. "Go freshen up Will, if we don't go soon we'll have to go eat with the morning rush or wait them out," Said Hannibal running his hand trough the messy curls.
"I'm up, I'm uuuup... Gimme a moment and we can go to wherever "
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Just like Hannibal said they arrived just before a huge load of other passengers came. The

breakfast came fast because it was a set course. Hardboiled egg next to two slices of toast, in front of the slices there where one tiny container of jam and another full of butter. A thermos was sitting to the side of them with coffee and two empty cups.
Will noticed that Hannibal was not looking too happy with the food on the table, but it was only a passing look that was quickly changed with a cold mask of indifference.
The younger man decided to start off the meal by pouring them both a cup of coffee from the thermos his cup was fine but the second he lifted his arms to fill Hannibal's cup someone hit his elbow and the hot liquid poured everywhere.
"I'm so sorry Hannibal!" Will basically quacked it out, voice rising at the end.
"It wasn't your fault William, relax" At that moment Will realized that Hannibal looked like he was trying hard to contain something like the beast from his nightmares was trying to claw out of him.
"...*Rude,* She didn't even say sorry to you..."
Will at that point had used half of the napkins that were on the table to clean up the spill and now was sitting and darting his eyes from the table back to Hannibal and back to the table.
"Will you are not the one to blame, just eat and let's get back."
"I'm not that hungry" Will muttered
"*Eat*," Hannibal said in a stern voice
"Okay, okay sorry"

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Big thank you to Packetofredapplefor being my lovely beta and still dealing with me and my spelling.

The walk back to the train was tense.
Never before has Will wanted for the train to stop and let everyone out than he does now. Even though Hannibal has assured him that it wasn't him he was mad at, the curly haired man didn't buy it.

He was sitting staring at the window trying to think of a way to relieve the thick uneasy silence that was engulfing the room. Hannibal looked eerily calm, no emotions on his face, though Will could feel that the man is closer to stabbing a person in the eye with the sharp pencil he was holding than being okay with the situation.

"Hann-"

"*Will* don't even start"

"But I can feel you're still angry, I want to help" Words slip out sooner than Will can fully process them.

"You can feel me being still angry?" Hannibal slightly lifted one eyebrow "Come sit next to me and tell me why do you think I'm still angry"

The profiler felt like he just smashed the one small possibility he had to make a friend and to be taken as normal.
"Look Hannibal-"

"Sit next to me William you're not glued to your seat are you? I'm not going to do anything, we're just going to have a conversation"

The younger man shook his head and stood up to take the open spot next to Hannibal.
"So tell me, why do you think that I'm mad at you?"

"Are you my therapist?"

"I'm qualified, but for now let's just keep it as a talk between friends. So tell me"

"Well... I can feel more than most, I identify with people and get into their brain..."

"So you're empathetic? Can you see right through me Will?"

"No, no I emphasise with serial killers mostly and you're not one of them, you're not like them, you're a weird concoction of bits and pieces that I can't wrap my head around, but I can still see that you're angry" Will finishes with a huff and looks out the window again.

"Well I'm glad I'm not see trough it wouldn't be fun that way would it, Will? But I guess you're right, I'm still a bit angry, what you intend to do about it?"
Will could feel his ears getting hotter as he wiggled in the chair next to Hannibal

"...Dunno..." The curly haired man murmured and tried to get away from Hannibal who was smirking by now looking him over.

"I'm not a mind reader, you'll have to tell me what do you want to do, or I'll have to think up something on my own" the older man whispered to Will's ear while grabbing his waist and pulling him onto his lap.

"Last chance to run"

"I'm not backing out of something I started"

"Good because your battle would be fruitless, I wouldn't let you go"

Will wasn't even hard yet, but the hunger in Hannibal’s soft tone sent a shudder through him, he wiggled in a fake attempt to run to only get a slap across his ass that stilled him.

"Mmm... Look at you, we just started and you're already hot and needy. I wish you could see yourself sprawled out on my lap, a sacrifice for me to enjoy..." Hannibal was whispering " but I think you would look even better in between my legs"

It took a moment for Will to realize what Hannibal was asking. He slid to the ground on his knees and started to unzip his fly, but his face was yanked upwards by a firm had on his chin.

"Did I say you can play with yourself?"

Will shook his head

"So? Go back to work"

His hand released profilers face and found its way up to his shaggy bangs.
The younger man worked the zipper down and took out Hannibal's uncut dick. Stroking few times before taking the tip into his mouth sucking on it. Shyly at first getting use to the taste, then with Hannibal's help he took in more of the cock into his mouth while jerking off the base of the dick with his free hand.
Just when Will started to get use to the feel of an aching jaw something more pressing presented itself. His dick was still in his pants now fully erect and wanting release badly. Will looked up to Hannibal almost shyly from under shaggy bangs trying to beg the older man without using words.

"What's wrong Will? Is your slutty cock begging for release?" Hannibal said in between thrusts. The younger man started to wiggle somehow trying to relieve the pressure.

"Take out your shaft slowly Will I don't want the fun to be over so soon"

The man did as told and moaned when his private parts finally got released from the tight pants.
The older man slowed his thrusts and started to try and slid his cock deeper into Will's mouth. Will grabbed Hannibal's shins for support, trying his best to relax his throat. The man's cock was almost all the way in when the younger man started to choke.

"Will you take it all the way in for me baby?" Will was looking and feeling fully destroyed saliva was running down his chin mouth open wide all he could do is nod. After few minutes of slow rhythmic thrusting Will was finally able to take the whole thing in his mouth and Hannibal picked up the pace getting rougher. With few more thrust he came in Will's mouth waiting few seconds after the climax for Will to lick his cock clean and looked down to the younger man's still throbbing erection.

"Come here baby boy" Hannibal picked him up and seated him on his lap his back to older

man's chest. Will was tired and weary pliable using his legs to guide and keep the others legs apart he slid his hand down to Will's dick.

"You're still so hard baby, do you like when people play with you roughly" he started to slowly jerk the smaller cock making soft moans and cries spill from the younger's mouth.

"Now, now, not too loud we're in a train, what if people outside heard us and would wander in, would you also give them a show?" Will was trying not to moan even louder wiggling in Hannibal's lap trying to get more friction.

"I know you would love to be seen, but I don't' like sharing my things so I'll help you to stay quiet" The older man showed two fingers into the Will's mouth and he eagerly started to suck them.

"Look at you dripping wet, are you going to come from a strangers, who you met only a day ago, hand?" Will started to wiggle away to escape, but he was too tired so quite quickly and got back to sucking Hannibal's fingers.

"I think you will, baby" the man started to yank Will's cock even faster, shoving additional finger in to Wills mouth to muffle the sweet noises.

Will came with a final rough tug from the older man's hand and was close to falling asleep on the spot, but Hannibal took out his fingers out and stood up from taking the younger man into his hands and placing him on the opposite seats. When he tried to walk away Will made a week attempt to hold on to Hannibal's hand.

" Will lay down I'm going to get a wet cloth to clean you up with, then if you want to you can sleep in my lap"

The profiler let go of the hand.

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After Will got cleaned up Hannibal picked up a comforter from the top bed and brought it to Will. The younger man made a small protest noise when Hannibal tucked him in and tried to walk to his chair, but he just shushed him and stroked the boy's hair till Will fell asleep.
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Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Big thank you to Packetofredapple for being my beta.

The first out-of-place thing that Will noticed when he woke up was the light sand colored room walls changed to a pastel pinks and blues. He rolled onto his other side to face away from the wall and see what was his coupé friend was doing.
He noticed the sun outside was casting the pink colors making the whole room feel a lot warmer than it was.

Hannibal was sitting in his usual spot, seemingly lost in his own plans, not noticing the man opposite him. When Will tried to say 'hello' to get the older man's attention he noticed how much his jaw ached from the past activities.

Just thinking about it got Will going burgundy red, his ears starting to burn up, the full realization of what happened has fully hit him. But before he can start to over analyze every tiny detail that happened his stream of thoughts was interrupted by a smooth voice.

“How are you feeling, Will?”

The young man moved his jaw around and answered in a gruff voice.

“Pretty good I’d say what time it is?”

“It’s close to six o'clock in the evening, are you hungry?”

“No, I don't think I could eat anything heavy, my jaw hurts” Will mumbled the last bit and blushes a bit.

“Well, then how about some fruit?” Will was sitting up as Hannibal was picking up the plate with a plethora of fruit on it.

“Are you the chef of this place? Where did you get all of this?”

“You missed a stop because of our activities. So when I got out for a quick walk, I decided to buy some fruit for you. You seem like the person who would have a sweet tooth” Hannibal smoothly finished the sentence and grabbed a grape while opening a notebook.

“So because you don't want me to lose the teeth you got me fruit instead of actual candies?” Will grabbed a few figs before continuing “Also you never mentioned what you do? Are you a doctor of sorts? Don't tell me you run one of those 'get well quickly in the fresh air' camps that are popular nowadays?”

“Yes, I'm a doctor, Will. And to answer your other question yes I do run a sanatorium for tuberculosis patients.”
Hannibal closed his notebook and gave the younger man all his attention.

Will was munching on apple slices when he stopped and looked up at the older man “Wait, for tuberculosis patients? You are not sick, are you? I don't want to seem rude but...”
Profiler's heart was racing from what he knew tuberculosis was a bacterial infection spread through the air, he might need to see a doctor, even though TB surveys are dropping in big numbers he still better don't risk it.

“I'm perfectly fine, I have no ailments, don't be so afraid. I wouldn't be allowed onto the train if I had tuberculosis.” The older man raised a good point that made Will visibly relax and go back to eating the perfectly sliced apple bits.

“So what do you do there? Operations? Lobotomies?”

“No, no, sweet Will, operations especially frontal lobe lobotomy is long proven ineffective, even though I do have patients with that done to them. We mostly use drugs, we don't have a 100% working antidote so experimentation is key. Right now I heard some good news about streptomycin; even though it has been invented for a while now maybe mixing it with other components might give us the cure we are desperately searching for.”

Hannibal started to elegantly write little notes into his book also seemingly drawing some sort of circles.

“Oh, but what are you going to do when they do find a cure? Gonna remodel the resort to fit some other disease? Or go back to working with the regular public?” Will was eyeing the sketchbook wishing for a sneak peek.

“Sanatorium, baby. The resort is for people on a vacation who don't require doctors or nurses. Well for the cure I mentioned, it will help a lot of men and women, but some people are in my care that are lobotomized, others are seeking the stability I provide even though they are not sick. So I will allow them to stay and help out with mundane work, or with patients that need a lot of attention like they do now. Just reading or talking to a bedridden person can easily lift their self-esteem and if you make them feel like they are part of a group, a 'family' of sorts, it can do wonders.”

“That sounds really nice, how much does this heaven on earth cost? Maybe I should drop by when I feel stressed” Will stretched trying his best to seem natural and finally noticed moons drawn in Hannibal's sketchbook.

“Come here Will” the man gestured to the empty seat next to him with a turn of his head.

The younger man stood up putting the comforter on his shoulders and crossed the room. He sat down and got comfy in his comforter cocoon.

“To answer your question, for you, it won't cost anything, you're my dear friend after all.”

“But the catch is we'll have to share a room? How about same bed too?” The profiler smirked.

“Ah I got caught red-handed” Hannibal joked

“Though, few questions, what's the name of the place? Also, why are you drawing moons?” Will said pointing at the small drawings on one of the pages.

“I see you're full of them today, mongoose. The name is Sunset sanatorium, and well I'm drawing phases of the moon because it's the nature's calendar, I wanted to study it more.” The moment older man mentioned mongoose Will was pouting like a small child.

“Why mongoose? If I'm that, then you're a stag”

“I'll gladly be, but I think it's time for bed, don't you?”

“No, I'm not tired I just napped, also why sunset-” profiler's words were interrupted by a yawn and he started rubbing his eyes.

“Well then let's get the beds ready and I'll tire you out myself” Hannibal caught Will's chin and gave him a slow, full of promise kiss.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Thank you!!! to Packetofredapple <3

Also, side note:
I don't know how many people read these, but I'm thinking of making a separate, not a fic but more like a sheet, because I know that a lot of people don't know Lithuanian and google translate is horrible at giving correct grammar.

So give me some sentences or words and I'll translate them to Lithuanian.
Or I can provide synonyms for words depends on what people want.

***** translation to what Hannibal is mumbling: "Everything is in place, books are in my bag, everything... Yes, his documents are in a seperate case in his sports bag..."

The quick rush of passion was turned down for the comfort of the soon to be three days ongoing routine of preparing the beds together for the evening.

William grabbed a fresh pillow that Hannibal had handed, getting it seemingly from thin air and threw it to the far side of the coupé close to the window next was the sheets that he needed to get a hold of. When he turned to ask the aforementioned man about it, he was already laying them down, two of them to be exact.

“Hannibal? I don't need two-bed sheets and a comforter I'm not sick.”

“No, that you're not, but how do you expect me to sleep with no pillow or sheet?” Hannibal said while smoothing out the pillow on his side of the bed.

“Wait... What? Oh, no, no, no you're not sleeping next to me. I sweat like a river and twist and turn like a windmill, in my sleep, given the chance I sleep at all.”

“That's why I'll be next to you, to keep the nightmares away.”

“Ha! Good luck, I feel like you'll drown quicker.”

“It's all good. My knowledge of swimming will pay off.” The older man smirked grabbing and pulling Will to sit on his lap and face him.

“Listen, doctor, I'm not in a mood for a physical checkup” Grumbled Will and tried to wiggle away.

“It's going to feel way better than a physical check up, but I still promise you a lollipop at the end.” Hannibal wrapped one hand around the younger man the other one was slowly exploring his body.

Will was still trying to get away from the doctor when he felt a slap on his tight. A howl was about to escape him but a smooth palm was placed on his lips.

“Hush now, I know you love attention but the conductor is not too far and I don't want to share my things with anyone.” The hand smoothly moved from Wills' lips to his twitching erection palming it roughly and giving it a few tugs.

“Now what is this? Hmm? I recall you saying you were not in the mood?” Hannibal whispered into Will's ear as he started to mewl.

“You enjoy being treated roughly? My, my what kind of man have I gotten as a roommate. Look at you I barely got my hands on you and you're dripping.”

Will was moving around trying to get more friction going to relieve himself while small noises escaped him.

“God... Fucking... Damn... You... Hannibal... JUST MOVE” The profiler was getting agitated.

“Well, aren't you spoiled? Like it fast and rough? Well but I enjoy the small details and taking my time” Hannibal said spreading Will's legs and slowly removing his shirt.

The doctor was playing with younger man's nipples getting them hard and red when there was a soft knock on the door.

Hannibal thought Will's eyes were pretty before but now they looked like jewels, big and round. A mix of emotion ran through his face; fear, anger but the bright jewels seem to have not lost their clouds of lust in them.

“Yes? Who's there?” Hannibal made his voice sound sleepy but it was hard to keep it up with his precious mongoose wiggling like hell to get away from his iron grip. He pushed Will closer to him so his head would be on his shoulder and started to slowly play with the younger man's erection through the fabric.

“I'm sorry if I woke you up. I was told to inform everyone that there will be an unforeseen stop in 20 minutes. Everyone will have to move trains. I'm sorry.” The conductor said, oblivious to what's happening inside the cabin.

Will was panting; he bit Hannibal's shoulder so not to make any noise.

“Agh!... Okay, thank you, sir. I'll wake up my companion and we'll get ready”
Younger man gave a cheeky look to the doctor and went to licking the bite.

“Sir, are you alright?” The conductor sounded worried.

“Everything is okay, I just bumped my foot on the bed. Nothing to worry about.” Hannibal said while squeezing Will's erection harder.

When the conductor finally went away the older man looked at the profiler.

“You cheeky brat!” Hannibal bit Will's nipple and twisted the other.

“One day you need to let me pierce them”

“Who said we're going to meet aga-” slap on his ass send shivers all over his body “You dick! At least get my pants down!”

“I said that we will. Now be a good boy and finish yourself, we have things to pack” Hannibal was nipping at Will's his neck while one of his hand worked curly haired man's erection free and then went to holding both of Will's hands.

“But you have my hands... Let go...”

“Grind”

Will was a mess of emotions he wanted to fight and hide at the same time. The choice was set in motion for him when Hannibal started to move his knee making the younger man squeak and wiggle working the already abused erection to a climax.

“Now, that's not that bad is it?” Hannibal said with false pity in his voice.

The profiler came a few seconds later his noises being muffled by Hannibal's hand.

“Good boy, rest and I'll pack everything” Hannibal patted Will on the head and laid him down.
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“...Viskas vietoj, knygos sudėtos pas mane, viskas... Taip, jo dokumentai, atskiroje papkėje sportiniam krepšyje...”*** The older man was quietly whispering to himself.

“William, up. The train has stopped we're leaving.” He helped the curly haired man to stand up, grabbed his bag and they made their way out of the train.

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“Mm... What is this place? I have a feeling I seen it before...” Will mumbled while rubbing his eyes and trying desperately to stay awake.

The conductors were running around answering questions, there were sounds of kids laughing, adults gossiping and chatting about.

“Sir, do you know when will the next train arrive?” Hannibal intrigued.

“I can't really tell you, I'm sorry, we're trying to get one to come as quickly as possible. All I can say, it's going to be maximum half an hour. We're sorry for the inconvenience.”

“Thank you,” Hannibal said to the already leaving conductor.

“Will, the sanatorium I run is just through this forest. How about we go there and I'll drive you to your destination tomorrow? It will be faster and you will be able to sleep in a comfy bed instead?” He picked up both of their bags, expecting only one outcome.

“Is it a super long walk? I don't think I can handle two hours of forests and mosque bites.” Will asked while looking to the ominous trees that made up the forest.

“A 10-minute walk or so” Hannibal nudged Will a bit so he would start walking.

“Well okay, just because you promised me to drive me to town”

Both men entered the forest by a convenient dirt path. The backwoods where made up of old trees and shrubs that seemed like they are alive just resting or heavy with sleep.

The shorter man looking around trying to spot any sign of life. Only a far on one side there was sounds of owls and crickets and on the other the sound of people who got off the train chatting and arguing. Everything was getting quieter and the sounds of nature finally overtook.

The few blissful minutes of silence were finally interrupted by Hannibal.

“We're here, my domain. Sunset sanatorium.” He unlocked the secondary gates and let Will into what seemed the garden area.

“Can you give me a tour of this place tomorrow before I leave?”

“I may. Now let's go inside, brangusis”

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